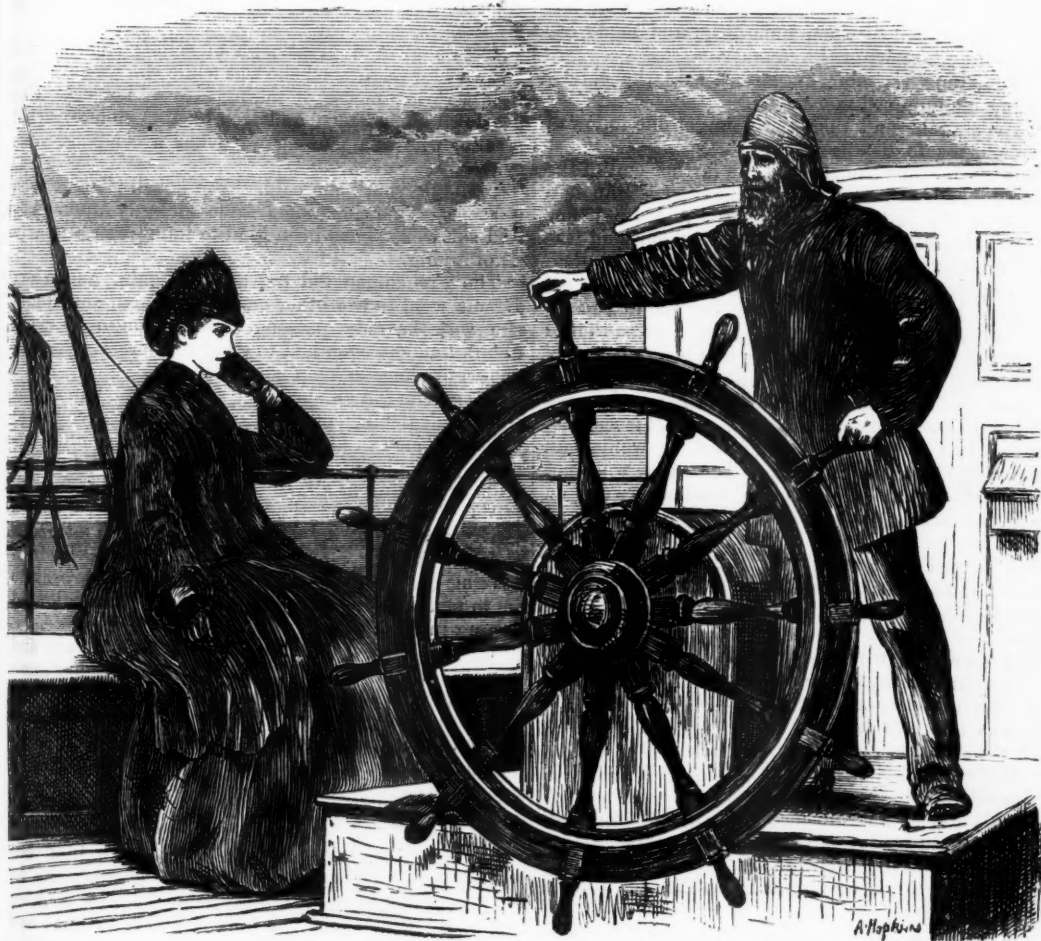


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Couper.



EGOTIST AND SAD.

TOO SOON.

CHAPTER XXVII.—URSULA'S JOURNEY.

URSULA slept at Dover, and, with all her determination, she shrank from travelling through the night, and when she arrived at the hotel her courage flagged, and she wished she had brought a maid on with her.

"How every one stares," she said when she

reached her bedroom; "they did not stare like that in Scotland."

Miss Fraser had insisted that Ursula's maid should go with her, and Ursula had apparently yielded, but when they reached the station she told her maid that she had paid the cab to take her back. She spoke so firmly that the girl, anxious not to displease her mistress, submitted, and Ursula went on her way cheered for the time by this fresh triumph over Rachel Fraser.

No. 1109.—MARCH 29, 1873.

8

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Next morning her courage came back. The bustle about the harbour, just beneath her windows, the fresh creaming waves glittering in the broad sunlight, cheered her and fed the excitement that had urged her so far on her way, for Ursula's timidity was real, and even her anxiety for her aunt, and her longing to comfort her father, would have been insufficient to support her without the strong impulse under which she acted.

She shuddered as she passed across a plank and saw the green water glistening beneath her feet; she lunged intensely for Michael's strong arm. Two black-bearded Frenchmen met her as she stepped on board the steamer, and gazed at her from head to foot, as only Frenchmen can gaze at an Englishwoman. Ursula had never been so stared at in her life. She pushed by them haughtily, and made her way to the fore part of the steamer.

"Voilà une véritable anglaise," said the eldest, twisting his gummed moustache.

"Pas si mal," and then the younger one followed Ursula at a safe distance.

But by the time she reached the farther end of the boat she had forgotten her indignation. She had waited to the last to go on board, and in a few minutes the boat had cleared the harbour and was fairly on its way—nothing in sight but the boundless glittering sea.

Ursula had seen the sea before, but she had never been on it, and the sensation is as different as that of looking at a horse and galloping him across country. All the wild longing of her free nature found sudden sympathy—that exquisite sensation when each nerve thrills with pleasurable excitement, and yet is soothed because the heart has found what it wants—an answer in outward nature. The sea was not smooth; the steamer seemed to bound forward on the green waves, but to Ursula all was new and delightful.

She turned after awhile to look at Dover, lying beneath the shelter of the huge cliff, and fading out of sight in a series of white reaches, grass-topped above.

She wondered why she was alone at this end of the boat, and thought the other passengers tasteless to prefer a land to a sea view, but still she rejoiced. She was left free to enjoy her own thoughts alone with sea and sky.

"Mademoiselle likes the sea?" in a pleasant voice at her elbow.

Ursula started and blushed. She had not thought any one would venture to speak to her. The glance she bestowed on the Frenchman was not encouraging.

"How very impertinent! but he shall not think I am frightened."

She turned her back on him and looked at the sea. The Frenchman smiled and stroked his beard; he considered his knowledge of women thorough.

"She is more adroit than I thought."

He took out a cigar and then, before he lit it—

"Does mademoiselle object?" he said.

Ursula turned round and looked at him with a flash of her dark eyes; she was half disposed to move away, she so shrank from this smiling impertinence. "But if I turn coward at first beginning, I shall never get to Rome, I shall show him I can take care of myself."

"It makes no difference," she said, stiffly.

The Frenchman was delighted.

"What eyes! She is superb; and what a spirit

she has. She shall smile at thee all in good time, Félix Dupont, do not hurry thyself."

He began to smoke.

Ursula stood still; she seemed utterly regardless of him, though she could cheerfully have pushed him overboard, and he solaced himself by getting as much sight of her as was possible. This was not much, she kept her head turned away, and her bonnet completely screened her face.

The wind was rising fast and the waves along with it; the fresh breeze and the motion of the steamer delighted Ursula, and gave her fresh animation; but to the Frenchman it seemed like a swing. All at once he dropped his cigar and his face turned ghastly yellow.

"Ah, ah!" he exclaimed, and rushed off out of sight.

Ursula gave a great sigh of relief; she had not known how frightened she was while she was striving to assert her power of taking care of herself. She sat down on a bench and trembled so violently that a sailor who was passing gave her a compassionate glance.

"Thank you," she said, "I'm not ill;" and then a sense of her loneliness came strongly upon her, and she would have been glad to indulge in a hearty fit of crying.

The Frenchman did not appear again, and when Ursula went to the other end of the boat, she found she was the only passenger well enough to walk about, and she even had to cling to some support as she went along to keep her feet.

When she got on shore she felt giddy. There was such a deafening noise all round, such a confused throng of men in blue shirts hauling boxes and luggage, gesticulating and vociferating about the merest trifle or nothing at all, such a mob of dirty men with cards shouting out the names of hotels, such a striving crowd of fly-drivers, idle boys, and fruit-sellers. Among all these came the pale, lifeless-looking group of passengers, who seemed more fit to go to bed than to struggle through the parti-coloured throng in search of a dinner.

Ursula felt herself put somehow into a cab, and her bag, which she had kept on deck beside her; and then she felt her hand shaken warmly. It was the hearty-looking mate, who, though he had not spoken to her, had watched her with the kindly interest Englishmen generally seem to feel in unprotected women.

"Good-by," he said; "you must take care of one another."

He was gone before Ursula could thank him, but his words made her look at the two companions he had handed into the cab after her—a square-looking old gentleman, whom she judged by his costume and gravity of manner to be a clergyman, and a young woman who spoke to him as "papa." She was older than Ursula, and had evidently suffered in the passage, but she had the affable smile and condescending manner which some clergymen's daughters seem to consider their natural birthright.

"I am sure"—she smiled sweetly with her blue eyes on Ursula—"we shall be very glad if we can help you, very; shall we not, papa?"

"Extremely, my dear." The clergyman smiled, but he had the abstracted look of an Englishman in want of his dinner.

The cab stopped before a large hotel, and then Ursula observed that one of her companions could

not speak French, and that the young lady's attempts at foreign talk were quite unintelligible.

Ursula spoke shyly to the driver, and told him what was wanted; her accent was so pure that the man understood her at once.

"It seems to me," the clergyman said to his daughter when they were shown into a small bare room with a long deal table in it, "that our fellow-traveller can help herself."

His daughter gave a condescending smile, and looked scrutinisingly at a chair before she sat down in it. She had evidently prepared herself to suspect everything French, and Ursula decided that both her companions were as new to travelling as she was herself. In point of fact, they had lived even a more secluded life, and knew nothing of continental ways.

A waiter darted in with a serviette over his arm.

"There is no place at the table; will monsieur et ces dames dine à la carte?"

The three look vaguely at one another, then Ursula asks bravely—

"What is à la carte?"

The clergyman's daughter is equal to the occasion.

"Yes, yes"—she nods emphatically at the waiter.

"It is all right, 'à l'écart' means out of the way, on one side, and you see this is, I suppose, a kind of supplementary table when the other is full."

She smiles with touching benignity at Ursula. She evidently considers her a school-girl out for a holiday.

The next question is more puzzling.

"What would monsieur et ces dames wish for dinner?" and then comes a string of words in which Ursula can only distinguish "soup and ducks."

The clergyman has kept on smiling, but he looks anxiously at his daughter's pale face.

"You had better have a cup of tea, my dear, and a mutton chop," he says, "and I'll have one too, and a bottle of pale ale."

Then he holds up his hand to the waiter, and separates two of his fingers from the rest.

"Two shops," he shouts, at the top of his voice, in that peculiar broken English which the untravelled Briton seems to consider a near approach to good French, "comprenez-vous, some tea, and some pell-ell."

"Ah!"—the waiter shrugs his shoulders and looks regretful—"mille pardons, but there is none. There are many English messieurs at the *table d'hôte*, and it is all drunk by this time; and to eat, there is what I have just now announced to monsieur. And for mademoiselle?"—he wheels round suddenly, with a flourish of his white cloth, to Ursula—he comprehends at once that she does not belong to the others.

"I will have soup and ducks," Ursula says, gravely; and the man vanishes almost before her words were out. She has not travelled, but she has heard Michael laugh about the mistakes of English people.

She glances shyly at her companions. The daughter is looking at her in a less patronising manner.

"I heard him say soup and ducks," says Ursula, blushing, and looking comically ashamed of herself; "so I thought we should be safe to get them. I don't think they know much about mutton chops, and I believe their tea is like boiled hay."

The young lady gathers courage again, it is plain that Ursula's is merely hearsay experience.

"I never listen to travellers' tales," she says. "I feel that I should like a cup of tea;" but she smiles so charmingly and patronisingly that Ursula feels about ten years old, and longs for her fellow-traveller's calm sweetness.

They wait a quarter of an hour. The clergyman gapes first, and then each of the others follow, till the gaping process goes on like a round game, each taking a turn. There is nothing in the room to distract attention: the walls are whitewashed, the floor is bare, there is a white-tiled stove, and there are some sticky papers lying about here and there to kill flies with. Ursula glances out at the two long windows, but they only look on other windows. "The blue fly singing in the pane" puts her in mind of her favourite poem, and a keen pang quivers through her. She has felt so young and girlish since she left home, and now the remembrance of her marriage and Michael's absence steals over her like a cloud, and the brightness fades from her eyes. How different it would be if he were here.

The clergyman is a kindly man; he is struck by the sudden sadness in her face, but his sensibilities just now are blunted by hunger and impatience—feeling is concentrated on appetite.

Here comes the waiter at last, a different one with far more flourish; he spreads a cloth on part of the table, sets a bottle of water and a plate of rolls thereon, and whisks away again.

"Stop!" the clergyman shouts, "when are we to have our dinner? I could have killed the mutton and cooked it too by now."

The waiter shakes his head.

"I do not understand," he says, in very good English, and he is gone.

There is no bell to be seen.

The clergyman gets red in the face, but he restrains his indignation, his daughter gapes and grows paler. Ursula looks at her watch, and mentally fears she shall lose the train which is to take her on her way. She has resolved not to sleep on her journey, and she is anxious not to lose an unnecessary hour.

"I shall go and find the proprietor," says the clergyman, "I call this neglect unpardonable."

He departs through the swing door by which the waiters entered, and finds himself in a passage redolent of soup and garlic—a passage which looks as if it had no personal acquaintance with soap and water. At the end of this is a court, and across this through two open windows he comes in full view of a long table hedged on each side by people—chiefly English—eating and drinking as fast as they can.

The sight is too much for his patience; he advances boldly to the open window, and immediately the waiter he saw first confronts him.

"N'y a pas de place, monsieur; monsieur will have the goodness to return to his room, where already his dinner is served. The dinner of monsieur gets cold."

And though the waiter bows and smirks as no Englishman could do, there is reproof in the smirk itself, and the clergyman's *mauvaise honte*, or whatever the distressing disorder may be which appears to afflict respectable Britons on their travels, sends him back to the dismal room like a dog with its tail between its legs.

His daughter and Ursula are sitting at the table, but there is no dinner; the two starving girls have

broken a roll in two and are eating it between them.

"I said grace, papa, without waiting for you," says the young lady, with her usual smiling propriety.

Ursula looks up, the suppressed wrath on the clergyman's face upsets her decorum; she bursts out laughing so merrily, that they both look at her, and draw slightly away as from one plague-stricken. She sees the movement, and reads their shocked faces like a book, but she has no power to stop laughing.

"I beg your pardon," she says very humbly, when she gets power to speak, "but it seems so comic to come to France to eat dry bread."

They try to smile a little; they are too well-bred to be unkind, but Ursula feels that henceforth she is to them a pariah, not "*de notre classe*."

Here is the soup at last, a very little at the bottom of a small tureen, three pieces of bread float at the top of a straw-coloured liquid in which there is a soupçon of cabbage leaf.

Ursula thinks it very nice, but the clergyman's face lengthens.

"Water bewitched," he says. "I fancy French soup is only what in England we call pot liquor, and throw to the pigs."

The waiter again, with a small dish held aloft from which comes a savoury steam; even Ursula feels her mouth water, and the clergyman's eyes are carnivorous in expression.

He sets it down; on it is a duck rather larger than a pigeon, and in another small dish, which he places in front of the young lady, there is a handful of French beans.

The clergyman pushes back his chair, which grates on the bare boards.

"This is not enough, garson, we want shops; comprenez, two shops of mutton and some tea."

The waiter nods violently, then he rubs his hands, and bows, setting his feet carefully in the first position.

"For the tea, monsieur shall have it tout de suite; but the *côtelettes de mouton*, ah no," he waves his hand, "they are all eaten by the countrymen of monsieur. It is desolating; but it is true."

The clergyman eyes him sternly; but this does not check his pantomime of gesture and grimace.

"Bring another duck and some potatoes then," he growls.

The waiter nods, says vehemently, "Yes, yes, monsieur," and disappears.

"Oh, do please carve, papa"—the young lady's propriety yields to hunger. She has eaten a roll, but the savoury fumes are trying.

"Dear me! you might carve it with a spoon; the bones are actually gristle," he says nervously, as he helps the two ladies, "dear me! I scarcely fancy it could have been flegged."

"I suppose they eat bones and all in France," says Ursula, and then she tries not to laugh at the carver's long face.

The tea arrives, and is pronounced undrinkable; it is what Ursula predicted, an infusion of chopped hay; but there are no more ducks. There is very strong-smelling cheese, and a few red plums appear in an elaborate dish, and then the waiter brings the bill, which the clergyman looks at, frowns at, and then hands gaspingly to his daughter.

She takes it up smiling, but then she also frowns, and passes it to Ursula.

"What is it," says that young woman, innocently; "for dinner fifteen francs, and two francs for tea, that is right, I think. If you will tell me how much I am to pay, please?" She gives an imploring look at the clergyman.

"But do you mean to say you think it right to pay such a price for such a dinner?" says the young lady, coming to her father's rescue.

"I don't know anything about money," says Ursula. She has changed some sovereigns on board the steamer, and she now puts some francs on the table. "I fancy they must know the proper price to ask. Perhaps French ducks are very dear. I am sorry I chose them."

Ursula has kept her gloves on; she does not wish her ring to be seen. It seems to her that if she gets into any scrape, it is better to be her single act than to reflect any discredit on Michael.

She rises from table, and goes to the window. It seems to her that this discussion is uncomfortable.

The father and daughter exchange looks, and then as Ursula moves farther off the young lady speaks.

"So very strange to be travelling alone."

"Too young, and too pretty," says the father. "She has wonderfully good eyes."

"Do you think so? they are too large, I think, and she stares in such a wild dreamy way with them. I thought"—with a slight giggle—"that she might be an escaped lunatic."

"No, really—she has a strange manner." The clergyman has such reliance on his daughter's judgment that he shrinks involuntarily when Ursula comes back to the table.

"Are you going to Rome?" she says, shyly. They are cold unsympathising people, but the poor child thinks they are some safeguard, and she shrinks from her loneliness.

"To Rome?" The clergyman stares at her. "Oh, no? Are you going to Rome all by yourself, young lady?"

He looks at her as if he thought of hindering her journey, and Ursula's courage comes back.

"Yes, I am going to my father. He is in Rome, and he is in great trouble, for my aunt is dangerously ill." She looks very sorrowful. "I am going to inquire about my train, I so fear to lose it, so I must say good-by; and thank you for your companionship."

The wooden face relaxes, his eyes glisten, and his eyelashes twitch as if some unwelcome moisture were near them.

"Dear me, I am very sorry, but we need not part here; we can go on to Paris together, and perhaps I may be of more use to you there than I have been here." He sends an appealing look at his daughter, as if to ask if he is steering right. Her smile is colder, more fixed than before, but in answer to her father's look she murmurs something that sounds like "Yes."

Ursula's pride rouses.

"Thank you." She looks gratefully at the clergyman, "But I won't trouble you." Then she holds out her little hand to him, and curtsies to his daughter.

"What a cold, stiff creature," she thinks, when they have parted company; "a woman who can smile at everybody has no warmth or impulse in her. She smiles on system; it is simply a part of her outward behaviour."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—IN ROME.

THE mud dashes up so furiously against the windows of the diligence that Ursula can scarcely see out of them. Till now the vehicle has jolted painfully over a paved causeway, but with the last change of horses a change has come also in the road. It seems to Ursula that the diligence is racing away at double speed—the horses plunging madly from one side of the road to the other.

She has only two fellow-travellers; one a quiet, self-contained German, who looks like an artist, and does not utter a word, and the other a portly, red-faced, black-whiskered Englishman, with every accessory which is supposed to be necessary for a traveller, and all fresh and bright, and plainly on their first journey.

Ursula asks timidly if they are in Rome, and she looks from one to another of her fellow-travellers. The German smiles at her kindly with his honest eyes, but he does not answer. The Englishman glances down at her over the stiff corners of his high shirt-collar, with a look that says plainly, "How young you are, and how ignorant never to have been here before." In reality he cannot answer the question, but he says, rebukingly, "All in good time."

He is surprised to see this young, half-fledged creature smile, and it seems to him with amusement.

"I think," says Ursula to herself, "men like this are made to amuse one. Why are men so much more often pompous than women are? Women seem generally to know when they make themselves ridiculous."

Between the increasing darkness—for they are now in a narrow kind of street, with tall buildings on each side—and the spatter of the mud, it is difficult to see anything in a few minutes more; but still she makes out enough to convince her that the diligence has actually entered the city.

Up and down, through narrow, dark streets, they jolt finally up to a hotel, where the Englishman and his baggage are set down. Before he gets out he asks Ursula her destination, and condescendingly informs her she had better engage a carriage for herself and her luggage. He then dismounts slowly, expanding with the consciousness of having done his duty, and is entirely absorbed in the gathering together of his abundant properties.

Rachel Fraser would have wondered if she had seen the promptitude with which Ursula made her arrangements. More than half of her helplessness has arisen from want of observation and self-reliance; till this journey she has never been called on to act for herself. She has travelled so incessantly that little of any interest has occurred to distract her thoughts from her anxiety, and now the sense of being so near those she loves gives her fresh courage. In her joy it is difficult to realise Aunt Sophy's danger.

It is lighter now, she is in a wider street, though this also seems full of mud, for there has been heavy rain in the morning, and she sees that her vehicle stops in front of a gateway. The gates are open, and so is the door. On the right-hand side of the gateway, and before Ursula can alight, first one female head and then another, and then another, peep out, and then comes a chorus of vociferous welcome. A portly, middle-aged dame waddles forward and bids the signorina welcome.

Ursula has had small intercourse with natives since her arrival in Italy, and now as two plump black-eyed girls come and cluster round her, chattering like a pair of parrots in fluent Italian, she feels half strange, half amused.

"Silence there, Carlotta." The mother does not interfere till her daughters' tongues have outrun her own—"I am ashamed to see you gabbling here when there is up-stairs the poor signor who knows nothing."

One of the girls, the noisiest as it seems to Ursula, darts off through the side door, and the landlady invites Ursula to follow her up-stairs.

She carries a quaint-shaped oil-lamp, but it is still very dark in the narrow entrance, and up the stone staircase.

Carlotta stands at the top holding another lamp, which sheds a feeble light round her. But it is enough for Ursula; in the faint glimmer she sees the door behind the Roman girl open, and her father comes forward to meet her.

In an instant she pushes past Carlotta and her lamp, and flings both arms round her father's neck, kissing him so fervently that she draws forth a little chorus of applause from the signora and her daughters.

And then all her strength leaves her; she bursts into tears, and sobs so passionately, still clinging tightly to her father, that Mr. Williams leads her gently into the room whence he came, and closes the door on the sympathising group outside.

Mr. Williams does not question Ursula about her fatigue. He is too absorbed in grief and anxiety to realise that there is anything extraordinary in the girl's rapid solitary journey, and the sight of her father stirs up feeling and remembrance so strongly that all her little troubles and adventures roll away from Ursula like a cloud. She only feels that she has never loved him so dearly, never felt so much power of showing her love.

"Can I see her?" she says, softly kissing her father's hand, as she holds it between hers.

Mr. Williams sighs deeply; he moves his hand with a sort of despair.

"Yes, my dear, you can see her; but oh, Ursula, she will never know either of us again."

He draws his hand abruptly out of his daughter's, and sitting down in the nearest chair, covers his face with it. Ursula has never seen a man so moved; she grows frightened, and then when she hears a hard, choking sob, she feels suddenly strong and brave. For the first time in her life Ursula realises that which is surely the most blessed feeling in a woman's life—a sense of power to be of use.

She waits patiently till her father grows calmer, and then she moves towards the door.

He looks up at this and rouses.

"I will go with you, my dear, and then you must have something to eat. Dear me! I forgot you have been travelling all day."

"Yes," says Ursula, simply—she does not add all night, too, and yesterday. "But mayn't I go to her?"

He led the way to a door where he did not knock; he opened it and passed in. Ursula followed into a hushed room, faint with a sense of closed windows. A lamp burned on a table near the bed, and Ursula looked with shrinking, frightened eyes. She was surprised to see so little change in the loved face. The profile was a little sharper; the lips more com-

pressed. But Aunt Sophy looked more as if she were sleeping and teased by some painful dream than as if she were in the grasp of death. There was a tinge of colour yet on the delicate face, only the hand lying outside the coverlet was too waxen for life. Ursula could think of her father only when she was alone with him, but this sight overcame her self-restraint. She knelt down, buried her face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking—sobbed until it seemed as if she must waken the patient sufferer lying so near her. But Aunt Sophy took no heed; she did not even move a finger of the transparent hand which lay on the coverlet.

The girl's sorrow did not move her father as her sympathy moved him; that had come as such a new and unlooked-for relief from the anxiety and unusual cares which have been forced on him during those last days, that it unmanned him.

He came up to his sobbing child and put his hand on her shoulder. As he did this the door opened noiselessly, and a man came in with a tread like a cat.

Ursula got up quickly, and looked ashamed of herself as her father presented her to Doctor Upoli.

The doctor looked at his patient and felt her pulse, then he went out again, glancing at the father and daughter to follow him.

Ursula could not make out his face in the sick-room, but there were lights now in her father's sitting-room, and she took a good look at the doctor. He was of middle height, very stout, with large round brown eyes, over which the eyelids drooped and fitted tightly, his loose wrinkled brown skin was especially brown round the eyes, his hair was very short and grizzled. Doctor Upoli was not handsome, but he had a genial happy face and a very garrulous tongue.

"Ah! signor mio," he looked keenly at Ursula, and at once saw her fatigue in her face, "this is the signorina your daughter; the signorina," he pointed to a chair, "should repose herself, for it is a long journey from here to London, and it is possible," he looked inquisitively from the father to the daughter, "that the signorina has travelled farther than from London. The signorina should be in her bed. Carlotta or her sister will watch beside the signora, and they will awaken the signor and the signorina too if there is necessity; but I do not think they will be awakened." And though he longed to stay and talk to Ursula, whose face roused his interest, compassion overcame his curiosity and he said good night and departed.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BEING a student at the University of Edinburgh between the years 1828 and 1838, I had the opportunity of seeing frequently all the eminent professors during the successive winter sessions, extending from November to May. I attended the classes of not a few of these lights of literature and science, and with some of them I became personally acquainted. I well remember having my attention attracted for the first time by a gentleman in the prime of life, who was ascending with a firm tread the stone steps that lead from the college court in the direction of several of the upper class-rooms. He was of a muscular build, rather above the middle height, and appeared

to rejoice in an excess of physical strength. His features, regular and expressive, manifesting grave reflection and high intellectual power, had a classic beauty which I have never seen surpassed. His eyes, large and bright, indicated great keenness of insight and force of penetration. He looked entirely a man in whose noble frame there lodged a noble mind. I soon learned that the object of my admiration was Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Civil History. He was even at that time renowned as a metaphysician of the first order, though he had been disappointed in a severe contest with Wilson for the Moral Philosophy chair, and had been induced to accept a chair not very congenial to his tastes, and certainly not suitable to his peculiar powers. His immediate predecessor had been Mr. Fraser Tytler, a man of high attainments, and well known for his "History of Scotland." Sir William did full justice to the interesting historical periods he specially handled, and displayed in his lectures not a little of that great learning and true philosophical spirit which afterwards gained for him such triumphs on an ampler and more congenial field. But he had already acquired a high philosophical reputation by his profound articles in the "Edinburgh Review." His essays on Cousin's "Course of Philosophy," and the theory of "Perception," had been applauded by competent judges as two of the greatest contributions to metaphysical science that the age had produced.

At the time to which I refer, Sir William Hamilton was certainly one of the greatest luminaries of the University, though it was adorned by such men as Leslie, Wilson, and Chalmers. For varied erudition, and a knowledge of books in all European languages, none of his fellow-professors could match the occupant of the Civil History chair; but everybody who knew the man, and valued his unrivalled attainments, lamented that he was not in his proper place, and that a limited portion of History received the energies which were due to the heights and depths of intellectual Philosophy. At last, on the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, Sir William was appointed to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, where he was enabled to display, as on a suitable and well-known field, his extraordinary philosophical genius. This was in 1836, when he was in his forty-eighth year. It probably would have been better for himself, and for the world, had he received such an appointment fifteen or twenty years earlier. His powers certainly would not at such a period of his life have been so fully developed, and his learning would not have been so vast, but he would have brought to the composition and delivery of his lectures all the elasticity and energy, bodily and intellectual, of early manhood. Most of the great professors in the Scottish Universities were appointed to their chairs when comparatively young men, better able to stand the strain of severe and continued mental toil than philosophers who have reached or passed the term of middle life.

The Inaugural Lecture of a newly-appointed Scottish professor is usually expected with great interest, and listened to by a crowd of professional students as well as by a general company of friends and admirers. I was fortunate enough to squeeze my way into the large class-room in which Sir William began his career as a Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. It was on the 21st of November, 1836, that he gave his introductory lecture, in presence of a very large audience. The character and history of the man, his

great fame and acknowledged powers, had excited extraordinary public interest in the course of prelections he was about to commence; and many students who wished to hear him could not get near the classroom door. I shall never forget his manly bearing on the occasion, nor the mingled modesty and self-reliance with which he addressed himself to his task. The lecture in every respect was worthy of its author, and served as an admirable introduction to a course which was to form an era in the history of modern Philosophy. When expatiating on the objects and uses of true Philosophy, especially on that constant and glorious search after truth which best enriches the mind and is its own highest reward, his language reached a height of dignity, and his noble features glowed with an elevated excitement, which gave peculiar power to the lofty sentiments he expressed. I can testify to the literal truth of the words employed by Sir William's excellent biographer, Professor Veitch, of Glasgow, when speaking of this lecture: "Then were revealed the peculiarities of the thinker and the man; the play of the most orderly logical power and of the finest acumen, a style of rare lucidity, a deep, grave eloquence, abounding in wonderfully felicitous turns of expression."

This first lecture, and those of which it was the harbinger, kindled a new intellectual life among the students of Philosophy in Edinburgh. Sir William fulfilled the expectations of his most enthusiastic admirers, and launched into the world of thought a philosophical system which has more than maintained the high reputation of the Scottish school. His first course was on Metaphysics, and in the session following he lectured on Logic. He soon showed his astonishing mastery over the Philosophy of the mind, and its history from the days of Aristotle to his own time. His students knew not whether most to admire his splendid metaphysical genius, his prodigious learning, his sober judgment, or his lucid yet powerful style. There was a wonderful freshness in his thoughts, and his language, though never strained or pedantic, had a corresponding originality. Like most great thinkers, he had invented a style of his own, or rather his profound and accurate thoughts spontaneously, as it were, clothed themselves in precise and vigorous words.

I had ceased to be a student of Philosophy at the time, but repeatedly during that first session of his metaphysical professorship I heard Sir William lecture, and never failed to be impressed with his amazing powers. The freshness and depth of his speculations had also a great charm for me, as for all his students. I was familiar at that time with the doctrines of Reid, Stewart, and Brown, the accepted representatives of the Scottish philosophy. But here was a master who manifestly transcended them all, who, combining a profound knowledge of the history of human speculation, especially the Greek and German, with a penetrating and comprehensive metaphysical intellect, seemed born to renovate and fortify our modern Philosophy, and raise the honour of the Scottish school higher than ever. I remember hearing him lecture on "Causality," and in a masterly way did he handle that most difficult subject. He soon disposed of Dr. Brown's theory, so ingeniously advocated in his well-known work on "Cause and Effect;" a theory which, his critic observed, left the origin of our idea of necessity totally unexplained. Then he produced, on a black board, a scheme of the seven different theories propounded on the subject in

ancient and in modern times. That scheme I must not here produce, as it would look fearfully abstruse in these pages; but I was greatly struck with its philosophical order and comprehensiveness. As the professor proceeded to explain and criticise the different theories, I was equally impressed with the fineness of his distinctions and the nice precision of his language. In refuting the plausible but superficial views of Brown, he quoted an appropriate passage from an article in "Blackwood's Magazine," written by his friend Professor Wilson, whom he warmly praised for his metaphysical acuteness as well as for his "more brilliant qualities."

It is well known that Sir William Hamilton for twenty years taught Philosophy with unrivalled success in the University of Edinburgh, that he formed a new school of metaphysicians in Scotland which has nowhere been surpassed, and that his published works have profoundly affected the course of philosophical speculation both in Europe and in America. No British metaphysician since the days of Locke can be compared to him for depth and reach of thought, strength of judgment, and vastness of erudition. Indeed, Locke himself must be pronounced his inferior in profound and varied knowledge. The influence of his Philosophy in metaphysical Scotland seems to be paramount at this day. The chairs of Logic in the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, are respectively filled by three of his favourite pupils, Fraser, Veitch, and Baynes. Equal, if not superior, to any of these is another of his pupils, Dr. John Cairns, of Berwick, who might have filled almost any philosophical chair in Scotland if he had chosen to give up to Philosophy powers that are more nobly employed in Theology.

Sir William's essays in the "Edinburgh Review," collected in a separate volume, his learned and elaborate edition of the works of his distinguished Scottish master, Reid, and his lectures on Logic and Metaphysics published after his death, form together an enduring monument of his philosophical genius and marvellous industry. His fame continues as great as ever on both sides of the Atlantic, and his works occupy a leading place in every good library.

In the eighth year of his philosophical professorship, that is, in 1844, Sir William Hamilton had a severe attack of paralysis, which left, however, his noble mental powers quite unimpaired. Having studied medicine in his early life, he took a sort of professional interest in his own case, and speculated ingeniously about the causes and effects of his insidious malady. Most heroically did he struggle against its power, and for many years after, with wonderfully little interruption or assistance, did he discharge the arduous duties of his class. I know of no higher instance of philosophical fortitude than that exhibited by this great man in conducting his professional duties for twelve years under the encroaching power of an irresistible disease. During all that time his pupils were, by himself and his successive assistants, not only amply instructed, but stimulated to excel in all the intricacies of mental science. Yet it is with a feeling of pain that I think of such a man being obliged by stern necessity to struggle on so long in the discharge of his exhausting duties after he was well entitled to that rest which he greatly needed. The Liberal party to which he belonged, and of which he was a distinguished ornament, strangely and inexcusably overlooked his claims to professional preferment. A paltry legal appointment

was all he ever received from the Government, though, as an advocate of standing at the Scottish Bar, he might have been most appropriately appointed to a principal clerkship in the Court of Session, similar to that so long held by Sir Walter Scott, and which supplied that great novelist with a handsome official income. But mere party services were preferred to the transcendent claims of one of the first men of his time. The consequence was that while a number of obscure men enjoyed legal appointments worth each a thousand a year or more, the great philosopher was left to overtask for years his noble powers for the sake of a modest livelihood.

Sir William Hamilton died of congestion of the brain at Edinburgh, on the 6th May, 1856, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was a man not without faults of temper, nor free from intellectual pride, and occasionally too keen and even violent in controversy; but his was, after all, a noble nature, and his character was at once simple and elevated. He died in the belief of the great doctrines of Christianity, and when passing through the "valley of the shadow of death" he was heard at times to murmur, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." The following beautiful and appropriate words are inscribed on his tombstone in one of the vaults of St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh:—"His aim was, by a pure philosophy, to teach that now we see through a glass darkly, now we know in part: his hope, that, in the life to come, he should see face to face, and know even as also he is known." J. D.

THE YOUNG HIPPOPOTAMUS AND ITS MOTHER AT THE ZOOLOGICAL.

BY FRANK BUCKLAND.

ON the 5th of November, 1604, two hundred and sixty-eight years ago, the whole of London was in a state of commotion at hearing of the discovery of "Guy Fawkes" sitting in a cellar under the Houses of Parliament, on a powder barrel, with a match in his hand, his intention being to blow up James I and the House of Lords.

On the 5th of November, 1872, London was again put in a state of commotion by the appearance of another "Guy Fawkes;" this time, however, not in the cellar under the Houses of Parliament, but in the straw by the side of his mother in her den at the Zoological Gardens. In the engraving before you, you can now, kind reader, see the portrait of this celebrated animal, "Guy Fawkes," so called on account of the date of his birth. The father hippopotamus came over here in the year 1851, and was accompanied in his journey by the well-known captain of the "Rob Roy Canoe," who happened to be a fellow-passenger in the steamer with him. The female hippopotamus was sent over to England by my friend Consul Petherick, at a later date. From these parents three young ones have been born at the Zoological Gardens; unfortunately, two of these interesting infants died. I made two casts of the first Baby Hippo: one cast is in the giraffe-house at the Zoological Gardens, the other is in my Fish Museum at South Kensington. The first two young ones remained by the head of the mother, evidently not knowing where the udder was. Mr. Bartlett, the talented and ever-obliging superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, tells me that before these two

hippopotami were born, the people at Paris and Amsterdam had written to him to advise him "never, on any account, to let the baby hippopotamus go into the water." He took their advice on the former occasions, but at the birth of "Guy Fawkes" he was determined to try the very reverse plan. He therefore allowed the young one to accompany its mother into the big bath. It is to Mr. Bartlett that must be ascribed the honour of the discovery that the young hippopotamus certainly sucks under water. It would seem, therefore, that the young hippopotamus has some peculiar anatomical structure which enables it to remain a much longer time under water than its parents.

A few days after the birth of the young one, Mr. Bartlett was watching it swimming about the tank. It then suddenly dived, but did not reappear for such a long time that he thought it had had a fit, and was lying drowned at the bottom of the tank. He therefore made arrangements to have the large plug pulled out—this plug had been fixed expressly for this purpose—and to run off the tank quickly, so as to resuscitate the little beast if possible. They were just going to do this, when Master "Guy Fawkes" suddenly reappeared, shaking his funny little horse-like ears, from the bottom of his tank, with a hippopotamic grin on his face, as much as to say, "Don't be frightened, I am all right; you don't know all about me yet!" The little beast had remained, without blowing or taking breath, actually under water for nearly twenty minutes. The parents have never been known to be under much over three minutes. I expect nature has given this wonderful power of remaining so long under water to the young hippopotamus, first of all, to enable it to suck—when the water has been clear, Mr. Bartlett has frequently seen it sucking under water—and, secondly, in order that it shall be concealed from its enemies, though I am not at all certain but that a large crocodile would seize and swallow a young hippopotamus as a jack would swallow a roach.

Master Guy Fawkes, nevertheless, had one day a narrow escape of his life. In order to clean out the tank one fine sunny morning the mother and child were let out into the pond outside. They both remained in the water as long as it suited them, and then the mother walked out with that peculiar stately gait which distinguishes this gigantic animal. The little one attempted to follow, but unfortunately he chose a landing-place at the corner nearest the giraffes' enclosure, just at the very point where there were no steps. The poor little fellow struggled and fought hard to get out, but could not, falling back exhausted into the water. His mother, seeing the distress of her child, immediately went back into the water, and diving down, brought him up from the bottom. She then supported his head above water, in order to give him time to breathe. For nearly half an hour Mr. Bartlett and the keepers were in agonies. Of course they dare not go to help Guy Fawkes, and there was no form of life-buoy they could throw to the struggling creature. At last the young one made a more vigorous effort than ever, when simultaneously the old one gave him a push with her tremendous head, and the little animal's life was thus saved. So we see that the hippopotamus is no fool, her instinct—mind rather—told her how to save her young one.

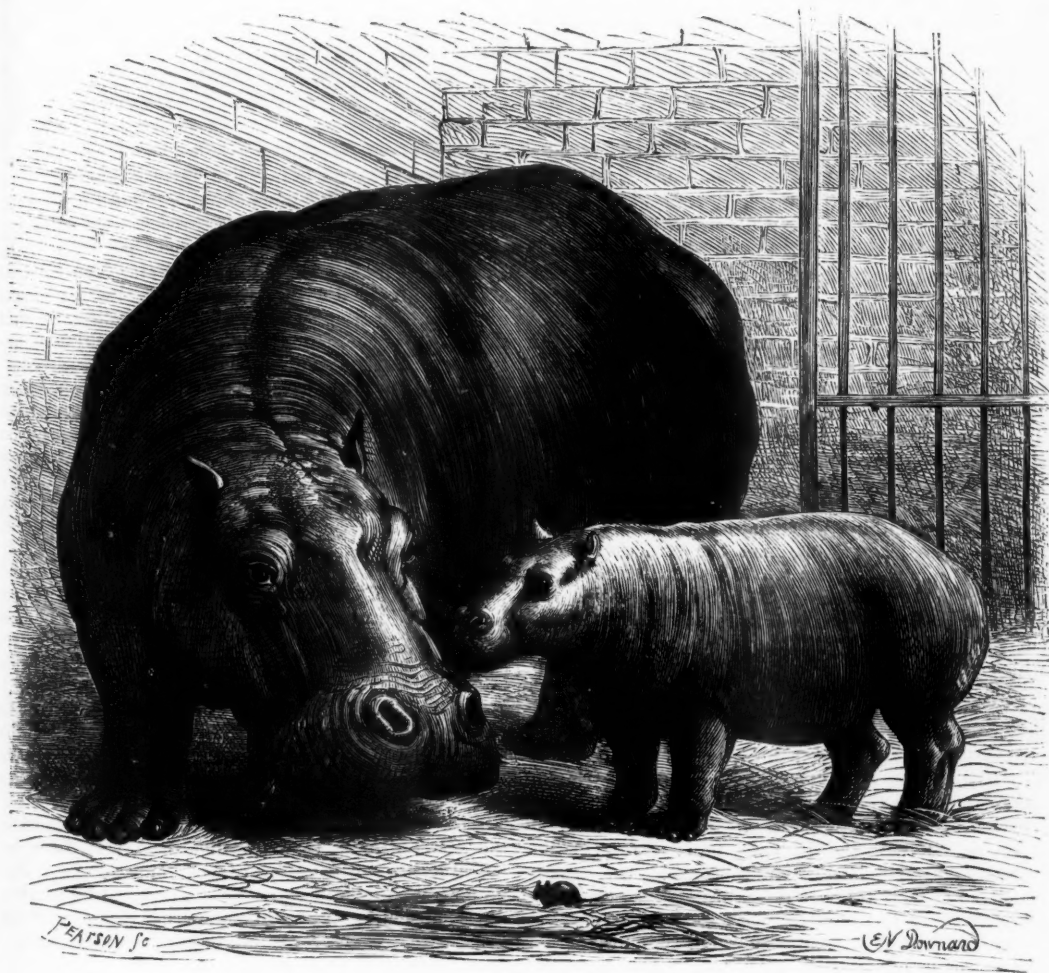
It would be superfluous in me to attempt to describe this little animal, because every one ought to go and

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see it. It is about the size and shape of an ordinary bacon pig, but the colour is something of a pinkish slate; he knows his keeper very well, and when he has had his dinner is as playful as a kitten, popping and jumping about his den, and throwing up mouth-

The hippopotamus is of some value commercially. The skin is made by the natives into whips, which I believe are used to beat delinquents in Egypt; and I am told that they are exceedingly formidable weapons. To make the whip, the skin is cut into



fuls of hay like a young calf. When first born he was small enough to come through the bars on to the straw outside his den, but soon he had grown so much that he could not get through. He used to put his head through the bars, and allow Prescott, the keeper, to rub his gums. The tusks of the lower jaw were just beginning to cut the gum. His back teeth have not come yet, but they are obliged to be very careful about his diet, for he has already (when I write, in January) begun to pick a bit at the food prepared for him. I am pleased to be able to record that the council of the Zoological Society so fully appreciate Mr. Bartlett's cleverness in rearing this little beast, that they have voted him a silver medal and a purse with a cheque in it. Prescott and the other keeper have also received a silver medal and a *doubleur* from the Society.

I now proceed to make some general remarks about hippopotami.

triangular slips about five or six feet long, one end being pointed, the other broad; it is then coiled upon itself, and afterwards dried in the sun, and when finished is light, dry, and elastic. The teeth of the hippopotamus are also of commercial value. Their structure is very peculiar. I have a tooth now before me: it is hollow at one end, like the tusk of an elephant. When the animal was alive, this hollow was filled with soft pulp. The tooth is always growing forward as the pulp solidifies behind. The reader can easily see how this is by examining the front tooth of the lower jaw of the next boiled rabbit he has for dinner. The outside of the tooth of the hippo is formed of a glass-like hard enamel; it is exceedingly dense, hard, and flint-like. I have just taken down my old regimental sword, and find that by striking it at the proper angle a shower of sparks fly away from the tooth like the sparks from a boy's "fire-devil" made in form of a pyramid with wet gun-

powder. The teeth of the hippopotami, as in the rabbit, are sometimes liable to deformity. In the College of Surgeons there is the tooth of a hippopotamus which has grown nearly into the form of a circle. These teeth are, I believe, much sought after by dentists for making artificial teeth; and when a piece can be had of such a form as that the teeth can be worked in enamel, they preserve their colour almost as in the natural teeth. The price of hippopotami teeth is about thirty shillings a pound. Artificial teeth are also made from the tusks of the walrus, the sword of the narwhal, and also the teeth of the cachetot whale.

Not long ago the old male hippopotamus at the gardens suffered much from a decayed tooth. In former times he would have been shot, as was poor "Chunee" the elephant at Exeter Change. Mr. Bartlett, superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, with his ever ready talent in meeting all emergencies, determined to pull out the tooth. He ordered the blacksmith to make a pair of "tooth forceps," and a tremendous pair they were. The "bite" of the forceps just fitted the tooth of the hippo. By skilful management Bartlett managed to seize Master Hippo's tooth as he put his head through the bars. The hippo, roaring frightfully, pulled one way, Bartlett and the keepers pulled the other, and at last out came the tooth, and hippo soon got well again.

No animal in this world is made without a purpose, and we always find that the structure of an animal is admirably adapted to its mode of life. I believe that one of the principal duties which the elephant and rhinoceros unconsciously perform is to cut paths through the dense forests and jungles in which they live. The home of the hippopotamus is amongst the aquatic forests at the bottoms of large rivers, such as the Upper Nile. It is probable that in the days of Moses these animals abounded in Lower Egypt. I believe now they do not occur in any part of the Nile below the cataracts, the headquarters being the central and southern parts of Africa only; but I am afraid that as civilisation increases, so will the hippopotamus retreat. This huge animal spends most of its time in the water, and it comes out to feed at night. Above the cataracts of the Nile they are very destructive to the crops, as they eat an immense quantity, and trample down much more than they eat. The stomach contains as much as five or six bushels, and the large intestine is eight inches in diameter. They do not grind their food much, but rather munch it up. The reader should be curious to notice this at the Zoological Gardens. When the old hippo opens its mouth, a good-sized baby could as easily be put in as one puts a letter into a letter-box. As the elephants make passes in the jungles, so it appears to me that one of the chief offices of the hippopotamus is to keep in check the dense vegetation in tropical climates, which, if allowed to accumulate, would block up the long reaches of rivers, and ultimately turn the flat lands into useless fever-breeding swamps; so that we see this gigantic animal is of very considerable economic importance. This living machine for the destruction of fresh-water vegetation is admirably adapted for its work. Nature has not given him any hair, as that would be an incumbrance to it, and would not well conduce to its comfort when wallowing in the mud. The skin is therefore somewhat like that of a pig. If the animal had not some

protection against the sudden changes of temperature induced by his going in and out of the water so frequently, he would always be either shivering or else unbearably hot. Nature therefore has given him a thick layer of fat between the skin and the muscles. The Dutchmen in southern Africa call the hippopotamus the "Zee-coe," or "Sea-cow." My friend Mr. Mostyn Owen, who has travelled a great deal in Africa, tells me that they also call him the "Umzivooboo;" and should the reader happen to visit the Dee, near Ruabon, he would be exceedingly likely to see a coracle floating down the river with a gentleman sitting in it fishing for salmon, and he would also probably observe the name "Umzivooboo" painted on the coracle in large letters.

In the water, the hippopotamus, though a gigantic beast, shows very little of his carcass. On referring to the engraving, it will be observed that the nostrils, eyes, and ears are on the same level. The nostrils are each provided with a wonderful valve, by means of which he can open his nostrils to breathe, or shut them up to exclude the water. This beautiful mechanism is worked by what is called a "sphincter muscle." Reader, your own eyes are worked by a sphincter muscle. Stand opposite the looking-glass and wink at yourself, you will then see a sphincter muscle in operation. You do not require a sphincter muscle to your nose, because you are not amphibious. We find, however, that the seal, like the hippopotamus, can close his nose at will with a sphincter muscle. Go and look at the seal in the Zoological. The valve which works the blow-hole of the whale and porpoise is of an analogous character. Strange to say, we find an animal that is not amphibious has his nostrils protected by this curious and beautiful valve. But, you will probably never guess what animal this is. Well, it is the camel—the "ship of the desert." In the desert where the camel lives there are often "sand-storms," and the Creator has provided the poor camel with this wonderful structure to save him from suffocation when these terrible sand-storms occur.

Shortly after the little hippopotamus was born in the Zoological, a young rhinoceros was born on board a ship in the Victoria Docks, and this poor little animal, whose value was very great, unfortunately died—his mother lay on him and crushed him with her great carcass. Never mind, better luck next time.

GASWORKS AND GASMEN.*

A FINE range of offices stands fronting a principal thoroughfare, with a façade approaching to beauty, and handsome dwarf walls with ornamental palisading. Casting our eyes upwards we see a very lofty chimney, built in the most geometrical manner, and large gas-holders with strong ornamental frameworks. This is the factory we have come to visit; we are provided with an order for admission, and an intelligent officer of the company becomes our guide. First, we are shown over the offices, board-room, laboratory, and experimental rooms, where we find a large array of chemical apparatus, and have the opportunity of inspecting various kinds of gas-burners and specimens of the different sorts of coal used in

* The recent strike of the London gasmen may give additional interest to the following communication from a practical man, who has been a manager of gasworks, and has visited most of the principal gasworks in the kingdom.

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the manufacture of gas. We then proceed to visit the retort-house, so named from the retorts, which are the distillatory apparatus for producing the gas. It is a building of great proportions, principally constructed of brickwork and iron, being fireproof. The retort-bench runs down the centre of the house in a parallelogram, which consists of a number of arches with nine retorts fitted in each, which are fire-clay tubes about sixteen inches diameter and twenty feet long, made in several pieces. A furnace is placed at each end. This method is called a double setting, the retorts being firmly built in strong firebrick work. Fronting the retort-bench on each side, and about thirty-feet distant, are the coal-stores, capable of containing several thousands of tons.

Everything was very quiet—the only noise we heard was the working of a steam-engine. We were informed, it being nearly six o'clock p.m., that the men were shifting, the day gang going off, and the night gang coming on for the next twelve hours. Numbers of stalwart-looking fellows came in with bronzed-looking faces, and ages apparently varying from twenty-five to forty. Not a few of them walked very heavily; they all turned into a large room near the retort-house.

Now the work for the next twelve hours in the retort-house commences in earnest. When the men reappeared from the room they all wore an old pair of trousers, girdled round their bodies by leather straps, and heavy shoes or clogs. Some had a light cap on their heads, but the most of them a strap so fixed as to keep their hair from falling in their faces. This was their entire clothing. Their skin was perfectly clean, but quite tanned. Every man went to his post in, no doubt, the best arranged manner.

The first process of work was to examine the fires, and they opened large furnace doors, which sent out a dazzling glare of light. The interior of the furnaces appeared to be a bright white. On turning our eyes away, every object for a time appeared to be possessed of the seven prismatic colours. Fresh fuel being applied—which was coke, the residuum of the coal previously carbonised—the furnace doors were all shut; then the process of drawing and charging commenced.

The men now passed along the front of the retorts in quick succession, one striking the retort lid with a bar, another applying a light, and another removing the lids, all with equal dexterity. On removing the lids from the retorts, the solid residuum of the coal was seen in the retorts, in the substance known by the name of coke, the fluid matter passing off in another direction. Large iron barrows were placed in front of the retorts, into which the hot coke was drawn, and this to our mind was the most trying part of the work. With long iron rakes the men pulled the burning coke into the barrows, the blue and red lurid flare to all appearance enveloping them. Others cooled the coke with water, the steam and sulphur being almost intolerable; and the retorts being cleared out, the charging was proceeded with, which was done by means of a long iron scoop containing two and a half hundredweight of coals, and filled by men whose special work this was. Two tall fellows stood at the front part of the scoop, quite contiguous to the mouth of the retort, with a loose cross iron bar, bent to fit the curve of the scoop. Another comrade, called "the scoop-driver," lifted the other end by the cross handle attached to it. The coals being lifted up, and the scoop placed in the mouth of

the retort, the scoop-driver, with a speed astonishing to strangers, pushes the coal right into the retort, turns the scoop over and withdraws it, when the front part is caught by the men with the loose bar and placed on the floor, ready for filling up again; and so the work of charging proceeds, both ends of the retort being charged simultaneously. The fresh coals ignite, and a flame seven or eight feet rises up in front of the retorts. These are now closed with iron lids covered round the edges with a substance like mortar, termed luting, are put on the retort mouths, and fixed tight with a screw.

The process of gas-making commences by the distillation of these coals just put into the retorts, and all external air is shut out. During the forty-five minutes we were looking on, ninety of these retorts were charged.

The charging being over, and all the furnaces examined, with fresh fuel applied, the stokers all disappeared. A number of men were constantly at work putting down coals for the next charging, which operation was gone through every two hours, or six times during the twelve hours. On Fridays it is repeated nine times, each set of men being on duty eighteen hours, about one-third of the men having thus twelve hours off every alternate Sunday.

We were next conducted into "the Stokers' Lobby," as it is called by the men, which was a large whitewashed room with forms and tables, and a great coke fire, besides a number of rings of gas jets for cooking. Each man had his box here, with lock and key, and number painted on, the box being divided into two compartments; one for his clothes, and the other for his "tommy," or food. The stokers seemed to be as happy as possible, having a considerable time to spare between charges. Some were having their "beer," others oatmeal and water (a limited supply of the latter is provided by the company), while a few were having tea and coffee. They are provided with baths, a library, with a well-selected stock of books, and the most popular monthlies; they have a sick-club, which is kept up by small weekly contributions and considerably supplemented by the company. The rate of wages varies according to the position of the men: the scoop-drivers have the highest, about six shillings per diem, including Sunday, and downwards to the coal-wheelers, who have about three shillings and sixpence and four shillings per diem. On inquiring as to the moral character of these men, we were told they were hard-working fellows, but the "beer" was a serious affair on pay-days, and was the cause of great anxiety, especially during the winter season. The library was but sparingly taken advantage of, while the sensational papers were eagerly sought after. An occasional lecture on a week evening was attempted, and a religious service on Sunday; the novelty succeeded for a short time, but they had to be given up. The men in the retort-house are not allowed to leave during the shift. The day men in some instances have their meals brought in, but in most cases they cook for themselves. The greater portion of them are from the country, and a considerable number are from the Green Isle. Few of them ever rise above their present position; certainly not more than one per cent. Those who are not required during the summer months are mostly engaged in the brickfields. Very few of them save any money, and equally few have other dress than the two suits we saw them with. Few are on the works after forty-five, and

none after fifty; the mean of a stoker's life does not exceed forty-two years, or perhaps a little under that.

We were allowed to ask any questions we pleased, and were glad of the opportunity. The first man that came in our way was a strong Hibernian of thirty-six years, who told us he had been employed on the same work for the last ten years; that he had never had a day's illness during that time—except headache occasionally on a pay-day or the day following; that his wages had averaged thirty-five shillings per week during that period. In answer to inquiries as to saving a small sum weekly to meet an evil day, his answer was in character: "Och, man alive, howiver could you think we can save anything in these dear times, having five childher to rare, the mate and the bread being so dear? If it was not that my ould woman does a little at the laundry, and Mike a little bit by selling newspapers, sure I do not know how we could live at all, at all." And in answer to a further question, he said: "Biddy, who was twelve years ould last St. Patrick's Day, tended the childher at home, but the tother day these School Board gentlemen called and tould us if we did not send our childher to school, they would send us to prison. Sure, sir, why cannot our childher be allowed to grow up and be decent people the same as thir parents did?" This man was above the average as to sobriety and steadiness.

These men are not among the vicious classes of society, but specimens of the many thousands similarly employed all over the kingdom. They live as it were for the day, caring nothing for to-morrow. No fault can be found with the majority of the directors and officers of gas companies, who do all in their power, commercially speaking, for the comfort of those under them. But there must be something wrong in the social fabric when we find such a man as I have described, with his thirty-five shillings per week, his "ould woman" and "young Mike" earning fifteen shillings per week more, and a total income therefore equal to one hundred and thirty pounds per annum, yet living miserably in one room at a rental of three shillings per week, while a clerk in the same establishment maintains a respectable position on a salary of one hundred pounds per annum.

In parting from the workmen in the retort-house, we were reminded that we must make another visit by daylight, as the most particular part of the operations could not be carried out with any kind of artificial light, as that would not be free from danger. Bearing these instructions in mind, we made our second visit about ten o'clock in the morning. On again passing through the retort building, we could not fail to observe one pipe ascending from each retort to the height of about fourteen feet, bending down, and connected with a large horizontal tube, called the hydraulic main. All the gas produced enters that tube, and being sealed by water joint is prevented from escaping. In following the large tube from the retort-house we found it connected with a number of vertical and diagonal pipes, called condensers, gas passing up and down these tubes for the purpose of cooling. At the point before entering the condensers, and at the point where leaving them, the greater part of the tar and water is disengaged from the gas, and passes by separate pipes into large tanks underground, where it is stored for sale for manufacturing purposes. We were here introduced into the

engine-house and exhauster-room. Two powerful steam-engines are here; one is constantly at work day and night to drive the exhauster, which pumps the gas from the retorts. There are a number of glass pressure-gauges fixed on the wall; and also several horological instruments placed on pedestals, and covered with glass, showing the various pressures and regulating the working of the engine. The intelligent workman in this department was at great pains to explain all to us. There were three boilers, one always ready in case of accident, so that in one moment the steam could be turned from the one to the other in case of a breakdown. This workman was on duty twelve hours per day for seven days per week.

The engine-house is rather a handsome building, with belfry and clock, the man in the engine-house keeping the time and ringing the bell at the various times required.

On leaving the engine-house we saw several large circular vessels called scrubbers, seven feet in diameter and fourteen feet high. They are made of cast-iron plates, and bolted together. They are divided into several compartments, and filled with small coke, the gas passing through that substance, which is saturated with water by a constant stream flowing in at the top. Here the last of the tar and fatty matter is disengaged from the gas before it enters the purifier. One of the scrubbers happened to be empty while we were there. The foul material being removed, and fresh being put in, the men were quite black with tar, and the smell was such as would choke an ordinary being. The operation of cleaning out the scrubber only takes place three or four times during the season. The men at work seemed perfectly content with their job, knowing they would get extra money and a certain allowance of beer. On the scrubber being closed up, and a supply of water turned on, the gas is then allowed to pass through it, and afterwards enters the purifier, where what is still left of impurity is removed by a chemical process.

The purifying shed is a large open building, the roof supported by strong cast-iron columns, with massive framework overhead, where are powerful cranes to lift the purifier covers. The purifiers are cast-iron boxes twenty-four feet square and four and a half feet deep: there are four of them in the building, three being constantly at work. In each purifier are five tiers of perforated iron sieves, on which was carefully spread oxide of iron five inches thick. The gas in each purifier passes through a surface of 2,880 feet, and by passing from the one to the other, all the sulphuretted hydrogen and other noxious matters are entirely removed, and the gas made ready to be stored in the gas-holders for consumption. We witnessed the charging of one of these purifiers. The cover was removed by the assistance of the powerful lifting apparatus already noticed. Iron trucks were placed on each side; workmen, with shovels, proceeded with their work. When the oxide of iron was put into the purifier it was of a light chocolate-colour. Afterwards it became quite black, the smell of sulphur and ammonia was stifling, and as the men shovelled it out from the purifier it began to smoke and turned warm. The full trucks were removed on a tramway, and the material deposited on a stone floor and then spread out in thin layers, was turned over and over, and coming in contact with pure oxygen, the sulphur was disengaged,

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and in a few hours the original colour restored. That was what they called "revivifying." Being sprinkled with water till perfectly cool, it was stacked up for future use. But let us turn again to the purifying shed: the first three tiers of the oxide were removed; the men were quite three feet from the top edge of the purifier; at every few seconds some of them were coughing or obliged to hold their heads over the edge to inhale a little of the less polluted atmosphere. While on our former visit we thought it impossible for the men in the retort-house to stand the heat, we were now brought into contact with equally trying work. The clearing out of a purifier must of necessity be the work of a considerable time, having over 3,400 feet of surface to clear, and the men inhale the fumes constantly being given off. Anything of gold or silver soon turns black; the case of our silver watch and the silver coins in our pockets had that appearance when we left. The money of the purifying men is known in the neighbourhood by its colour. The sulphur settling on the lungs of these men must be something serious; few of them stand the work many years.

In the earlier days of gas-lighting, lime was used for purification, and is yet used in small works; but as it is impossible to get rid of the foul lime, or blue billy, in large towns, it is now almost entirely superseded. In this department no gas-lights are allowed, from the explosive nature of gas, which has all the force of gunpowder.

We now arrived at the point where the gas is finished. It is measured by a station meter, with a fine front of architectural design, and a large train of index dials, surmounted by an eight-day clock, which gives the exact time. Every hour the quantity of gas made was read off.

At this point the gas proceeds to the gas-holders, which are filled during the day to meet the demand by night. Their contents measure in some cases millions of cubic feet. From the point of leaving the purifiers all is in charge of skilled workmen. The valve-room contains all the inlets and outlets to and from the various gas-holders, with great array of pressure apparatus for regulating the supply to the most remote district of the town. With what exact care has everything to be done! One movement of one of these valve-handles in an opposite direction would put a whole district in instant darkness.

We have avoided as much as possible the use of technical terms, our object being especially to see the men at work, and now having traversed over all the manufacturing and distributing parts, we have only to take a glance at the various workshops, all neatly arranged in a block of building constructed for the purpose, each branch having a separate shop. Only the ordinary class of skilled mechanics are there employed. A number of outdoor men are engaged in laying main and service pipes, and fixing the consumers' meters. One other part has yet to be noticed, which is under the entire control of the resident engineer—"the testing-room," from which all external light is excluded, the floors, walls, and ceiling being painted black. Here the gas is tested by a series of experimental apparatus, and it is found what amount of light is produced as compared to a sperm candle. This process has to be carefully gone about, as most towns have a gas-examiner appointed to test the gas on behalf of the inhabitants.

We have now completed our survey of one of the best-regulated gas-factories in the kingdom. Our

object has not been to write a treatise on gas manufactures, but to show the reader the peculiar sort of work, and the men there employed. The nature of the work requires the best supervision, and this is generally given by a well-paid staff of officers. Strong arguments might, however, be advanced in favour of a system of Government inspection.

SNOWED UP ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

IT is no joke when a town like New York or London is blocked up for a few hours by snow. Both labour and capital have then to submit to a *strike* from nature; but it is a more serious matter when a man is snowed up in the middle of the Pacific Railway. He is not then kept at home, but kept away from it; he is not in the midst of comforts, but most unpleasantly out of their reach. He may, too, have to endure his privations and annoyances for a week, or even a month. Who that watches the feathery snow would dream of its power in that terrible American desert! How frail it is! How gentle is its descent! As these microscopic stars of ice hang in the atmosphere, as if hesitating to touch the coarseness and foulness of earth, it seems a romance to imagine that such weak and delicate forms could assume a strength and a resisting force that the strongest mechanical power would fail to overcome. When, as a traveller, the writer saw steam-engines of enormous size and weight bent, broken, and hurled uselessly aside, after churning a bank of snow on that line, he fully realised its resistive might.

In populous districts, hands with picks and shovels soon set free the hindered train. It is otherwise on part of the Pacific Railway. Snow does not trouble the lovely Pacific slope, with its sunny climate. And though throughout the Eastern States the fall may be heavy and long continued, labour is at hand to prevent the accumulation which arrests the traffic. It is on the Union Pacific Railway portion of the line that the difficulty arises, for there the country is least settled and most elevated. To go through that part of America in winter is to endure the climate of Snowdon piled upon Ben Lomond. The road is from six thousand to eight thousand feet above sea-level, and having mountains towering above it still. The snow falls, and the snow lies. Avalanches, too, in spite of snow-sheds and galleries, spring into ravines which the trains have to traverse.

Between Salt Lake and the Platte of Nebraska are the snow-prisons of the line. The writer has some shivering recollections of a December ride upon that high plateau, though detained but a few days by the banks of snow. Some weeks after, a worse fate befell his successors. An idea of the trouble and expense of the company may be gathered from the statement that the blockade engaged for an entire month one thousand men, fifty engines, and thirteen snow-ploughs, and yet they *ditched* and ruined not less than twenty-five engines.

A regular *snow service* is established in that great American thoroughfare. Snow-trains are organised. Nearly one hundred men are attached to each. There are, perhaps, a dozen strong cars carrying tools, provisions, bedding, and rough berths for sleeping. The engines are of extra power, and the ploughs in front are huge and massive instruments. When a blockade is telegraphed in the vicinity of a snow-train, off

steam the party at once. A daring charge is made at the fleecy intruder, and assault follows assault till the enemy be routed, or the snorting steam-horse hurled aside panting and maimed. Another comes to the rescue, and with screaming, roaring fury the battering is resumed. The invader's entrenchment is attacked in other forms—it is undermined by the sappers of the force.

Meanwhile, the holder of the pass receives his reinforcements. Every passing cloud sends a contribution, every hill-top furnishes auxiliaries, every breeze conveys an accession of strength. Man, with all his thousand-horse-power, is often beaten in the struggle with the snow. He need then await the arrival of those allies that usually come with the mild south wind.

To prevent the snow falling upon the track, snow-fences are erected upon the higher land in the neighbourhood. Of course, these are upon the colder, or northern, side of the line. An inch-thick plank is nailed to two cross-pieces, and the hurdle legs are fastened, if practicable, to posts driven into the ground. Such contrivances exist in the elevated country, and keep the snow from drifting. Should the fences be topped by the gathering forces of the enemy, a new line of obstruction must be raised. Above two hundred miles of such fencing are to be seen in winter.

To ward off the more formidable and sudden inroads by the agency of avalanches, it was necessary to construct long covered galleries, or snow-sheds. Stout pines form the framework. To the beams strong planking is firmly fastened. Sides and roof are supposed to be able to resist a good snow charge from the mountains. As the drift forms on one side of the gallery, a slope is made for the easy passage of the avalanche into the depths on the other side of the line, so that the train may pass safely under the danger. It was, however, with some little alarm that the writer found himself caverned for a considerable time under one of these dark snow-sheds. The difficulty of rushing through the snow impediments had so exhausted the fuel, that it was necessary to go to a wood-station in the mountains. As it was the favourite resort of avalanches, the prudent conductor of our train directed the pilot to back the carriages into a snow-shed, and then be off the more quickly with engine and tender for a supply of fuel. It was bitterly cold, and in the dead of night. The snow was piled up around the gallery, and had in many places penetrated through the crevices. The silence was profound. The sense of utter loneliness and desolation was complete. The return of the engine after a lengthened absence was a relief, like the spring sun following an arctic winter.

The first parties snowed up were wholly unprepared. They had had their dollar meal at the last station, and were far enough from the next when fixed in the bank. It was, however, a rare harvest for the nearest store. The necessity of some was the opportunity of others. Food of inferior quality brought fabulous prices. A dispute, involving a heavy wager, arose about one article of fare. Was it antelope or not? The vendor admitted that a very lean old cow had been sacrificed on the pressing occasion.

For a little while some fun was got out of the trouble by snowed-up trains. Delicate attentions were tendered by gentlemen as cooks' mates to the ladies. Oyster-cans were converted into culinary

utensils, and telegraph wire proved excellent material for gridirons. Many a joke was passed in the train kitchen, and hearty was the appetite for the rude viands thus rudely dressed. But when the food grew more difficult to obtain, and the wood supply became less and less, the mirth was considerably slackened. It is true that despatches were sent off for help, and cargoes of provisions were steamed up as near as the snow would permit; but it was hard work to carry over the snow, and insufficient was the supply. Frightful growlings arose from the men, and sad lamentations from the women. Short allowance of food, with intense cold, could not be positively enjoyed any time; but to be cooped up within snow walls in such a desolate region, far from expecting friends or urgent business, was most annoying. One spoke of absolute necessity to be at his office within the week, as heavy bills had to be prepared for. Another was going about an important speculation, which would utterly break down if he were detained three days. Alas! he was there above three weeks.

The sorrows of the heart were worse. A mother was there hastening to nurse a sick daughter. A father had been summoned to the dying bed of his son. A husband was hoping to clasp again a wife from whom a long voyage had separated him. One poor fellow was an especial object of sympathy. He was hastening to an anxiously waiting bride. He had to cool the ardour of his passion in the snow-bound car, and pass the day appointed for his wedding in shivering reflections. In one of the snow depths was detained an interesting couple, who had casually met on the western side, and were obeying the mandate of the heart and of friends in proceeding to the East to effect their happy union. The three weeks they were compelled to pass together, under these cold and trying circumstances, must have given them a famous insight into each other's character, and this before the knot was tied.

The story is told of one resolute man who, though but newly married, had been compelled to take a business journey. He was most impatient to return home, and was awhile confounded with his unfortunate imprisonment. When he found that little chance existed for an early escape, his heart prompted him to a bold enterprise. He was still two hundred miles from home. He had no guide before him but the telegraph posts. He could expect little provision on the way, as the stations were frozen up; but, sustained by conjugal affection, the good fellow set off on his lonely walk over the snow. Notwithstanding terrible sufferings, and some free fighting with wolves, he did his march in five days only. What a greeting he deserved!

They who had not his courage and strength were compelled to endure the cars. Americans are not folks to whine long about a trouble; they succeed so often that their faith is strong. Though the most luxurious of people, the men, and the women too, can bear reverses nobly. But they never dream of Oriental submissiveness. They struggle hard to rise, and make the best of things till a change comes. So with those in the cars: they soon found amusements; they chatted and laughed, played games and sang; the best jokes were recollected and repeated, the liveliest tales were told; charades were acted; a judge and jury scene afforded much amusement; lectures were given to approving assemblies. The Sundays were decently observed, and services were

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held morning and evening; reading was dispensed with, and the sermons were extempore *perforce*.

The worst part of their sufferings came when for forty-eight hours they were under a snow-shed without light, and with the stoves empty. As for the maintenance of warmth every crevice in the cars was stopped, the misery of close and unwholesome atmosphere was added to their sorrows. The writer, as an old traveller, has had some experience of odd sleeping dens, and has been obliged at times to inhale a pestiferous air, though he never endured so much from this discomfort as in his winter passage on the Pacific Railway. For hours in the long night, as well as in the day, he preferred standing outside on the platform, with the thermometer from fifteen to twenty-five below zero, rather than encounter the foul atmosphere and stifling heat within.

Meanwhile, the brave Chinamen were summoned to the rescue. They are capital fellows to withstand the cold, and work with a will to clear a passage. For a distance of 200 miles the blockade existed, and several trains were thus caught on the way. Eight hundred freight waggons were detained at Cheyenne. At one period the cold was down to 30° below zero. The worst part of the road was towards Sherman, 8,252 feet above the sea. Wyoming and West Nebraska were the coldest regions.

In this great blockade, strange to say, the mortality was but small. Three died during the imprisonment, and two in consequence of cold. But an interesting compensation was made, for five births took place in this season of trial. The principal sufferers were those in the second-class carriages. Room, however, was made for the more delicate in the already crowded first-class cars.

Varieties.

HOW TO SAVE COAL.—The Rev. Henry Moule, in a letter to the editor of the "Times," suggests a simple method of making half a ton of coals go as far as fifteen hundredweight go now. The plan is to place a quantity of chalk in the grates; once heated, this is practically inexhaustible from combustion, and gives out great heat. Mr. Moule's nephew tried the experiment eight or nine years ago in the Dorset County Hospital, of which he was house-surgeon. Chalk was placed at the back of each of the fires in the two large convalescent wards, in nearly equal proportions with the coal. In both wards full satisfaction was felt both as to the cheerfulness and as to the warmth of the fire. The patients frequently remarked that they never before had so much warmth in the rooms. Numerous visitors expressed their decided approval. And the saving throughout that winter in those two fires was 75 per cent. For while previous to this use of chalk two boxes of coal were barely sufficient for each ward for one day, during its use one box was sufficient for two days. The plan of using chalk was practised in Dorsetshire by the Rev. J. Hicks twenty years ago.

FIRES IN A YEAR.—The report of Captain Shaw, the chief superintendent of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, to the Metropolitan Board of Works, as to the fires which took place within the metropolitan district during the year 1872, discloses some curious facts. With a large increase of the use of inflammable articles in domestic economy, there has been in the last and preceding years an extraordinary decrease in the number of fires as opposed to the steady increase for nearly forty previous years, and that, too, notwithstanding the increase of population. During the year there were 1,494 actual fires, but the number of calls were 1,671. Only 120 of the entire number resulted in serious damage. A large number of the fires might, with ordinary prudence, have been prevented, for there is the startling number of 205 set down to the careless use of candles, 41 from

children playing with lucifers, 23 from airing linen, 75 from defective flues, 45 from the escape of gas, 20 from swinging gas brackets, 32 from the careless disposal of hot ashes, 39 from upsetting paraffin lamps, 96 from lights being carelessly thrown down, 37 from the improper use of lucifers, and 36 from the dropping of lighted tobacco in different places. 145 fires were caused by sparks from grates, 8 from incendiarism, and 263 were set down to unknown causes. Three fires were attributed to lightning, and 17 from the imprudent use of a light while seeking for the source of an escape of gas.

SICK MENDICANTS.—We have always contended that if proper supervision were made and care taken, the system of gratuitous medical advice, at the present time so much abused, would be not only modified but considerably abated. Some short time since we announced that the applications to the parochial surgeons of Shoreditch had increased to such an extent that some check was necessary to be imposed upon them. The Board of Guardians, therefore, determined that in all cases where practicable the applicants for medical relief should appear before the Board *in forma pauperis*. The experiment has been attended with a remarkable result—no less than a diminution of forty per cent. on the number of applications. There should be some test, some stringent inquiry made in all cases, whether at hospitals or dispensaries, or other charitable institutions where gratuitous medical aid is to be obtained, into the actual condition of the applicant. Cases such as that recorded in the "Times" the other day, in which a well-dressed man, gold-chained and gold-ringed, endeavoured to steal an opinion from a hospital surgeon at his hospital, are far more numerous than could be supposed by those unacquainted with the subject. The meanness and duplicity of even what are called "respectable" people, with respect to imposing upon medical practitioners in this particular, is astounding.

SARAH CURRAN.—Curran's daughter was engaged to be married to Emmet, in 1803, the year in which he was so ignominiously hanged. Sarah Curran's story is alluded to in Washington Irving's "Broken Heart," and Moore has flung around her a wreath of poetry in the Irish melody—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking,
Ah, little they think who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

In plain prose, however, Sarah Curran married an English officer, Col. H. Sturgeon. It is impossible for us to feel quite as much interest in the affianced bride of the patriot Emmet when she becomes Mrs. Sturgeon. Her first love, however, never faded from her heart; but the heart itself soon ceased to beat; and so closed another romantic story.—*Athenæum*.

A DOG IN THE WITNESS-BOX.—A gentleman, residing in the west end of London, lost a favourite dog, named "Lizzie," (a Skye terrier) on Easter Monday last. Five weeks elapsed, and the gentleman gave up all hopes of ever seeing "Lizzie" again. On the sixth week after her loss he was passing through a district of London, in which are many shops occupied by dog fanciers. In one of these he saw, as he supposed, his long-lost "Lizzie," and at once entered in and claimed her, but the shopkeeper refused to give her up, saying he had had her for twelve months. So certain, however, was the gentleman that the dog was really his, that he applied to a magistrate to assist him in regaining his property. The shopkeeper was summoned to appear before the magistrate and show cause why he detained the dog. The shopkeeper appeared in the court, and brought witnesses with him, who, among other things, stated that the dog's name was not "Lizzie," but "Flo," and that she had been in the shopkeeper's possession for twelve months. The gentleman also produced witnesses, who asserted that the dog in question was "Lizzie," and that they had seen her in the gentleman's possession at various periods during the last six months, three months, and six weeks. In consequence of the conflicting evidence, the magistrate thought that in all probability the animal herself might prove the best witness as to whose property she really was, and with that view directed her to be brought into the court. She was placed in the shopkeeper's arms, who called her his "Flo," and petted and caressed her, but no sooner did she see the gentleman's wife standing in the witness-box, than she struggled to get away from him, and manifested her love to the lady in an unmistakable manner. Succeeding in effecting her escape, she sprang to the ledge of the witness-box, and began to jump at the lady's shoulders and lick her face, showing the greatest joy

at meeting her again. After awhile, "Lizzie," in her over-eagerness, lost her footing and fell on the floor by the attorney's table. In an instant she was up on the table, and trying to jump from that back to the witness-box. Failing in this, she ran round the box, springing up, but unable to get on it. The energetic attempts of the shopkeeper to coax her back signally failed, amidst the derision of the spectators, for "Lizzie" heeded him not, but continued springing towards the lady, giving conclusive evidence that she had found her mistress. The magistrate said there was not a shadow of a doubt that the animal had proved her own identity, and immediately ordered her to be given up to the gentleman, much to the chagrin of the shopkeeper and his witnesses.—*From the Humanity Series of School Books, by the Rev. F. O. Morris.* (A series worthy of the enthusiastic naturalist whose name it bears, and well adapted to nourish kindly feelings in the young.)

COUNTENANCES WITH ANIMAL RESEMBLANCES.—The late Mr. Sharp, the first engraver of human countenances upon this or any other country has produced, paid particular attention to the physiognomy of animals. He always formed an opinion of the ruling passions and disposition of a person from the resemblance of his countenance to some brute, and I have heard him say that, governed by this guide, he rarely erred. He admired the countenances of the late Duke of Norfolk and of the late Mr. Fox, because they resembled that of a lion. His biographer states that he refused a considerable sum to engrave the likeness of the late Mr. Pitt, because his countenance was a composition of the expressions of a set of brutes of artful minds. He, although a Whig, always avoided the company of some gentlemen of the same politics because their features resembled those of a baboon, an animal of a filthy disposition. He gratuitously engraved the likeness of Mr. Brothers, the pretended prophet, because he fancied he discovered in his physiognomy a superhuman simplicity.—*Dr. Rees's Medical Guide.*

IRRIGATION BY BROWN'S SYSTEM.—This system consists of leaden pipes laid a few inches underneath the grass, with surface openings at intervals, so perforated that at a given pressure the water let in will be thrown by pressure to a height which gives a beautiful rainfall, and may be regulated by the hand to any extent of saturation. Valuable as this process is, considered simply as an irrigant, it becomes yet more useful as a means of utilising manures, and it is the opinion of the Duke of Sutherland's manager of his home farm that native as well as applied manure may thus be turned to profitable account. Mr. Brown, in his reports for 1872, on the working of the system at Stoke Park, near Windsor, and at Bishop Stortford, in Herts, says:—"It has just been introduced on the permanent pasture lands of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle, and the results there obtained by manure applied to the surface so late in the season as the third week in August, and so far north as Sutherlandshire, have been as striking as those in the south of England. In the course of a few days the grass was changed from what may be considered poor permanent pasture grasses to the richest description of herbage, which warrants the conclusion that the strath lands of the highlands of Scotland may be reclaimed by this system, and brought from their present unproductive condition to that of luxuriant fattening pastures, or where hay might be produced in abundance to provide food for sheep and cattle during the winter."

A CHINESE PREACHER.—Ho Tsun-shen displayed a capacity for preaching and for exposition which I do not think that I have ever heard equalled—which certainly I never heard surpassed. A practice which I introduced in 1848 was very beneficial to him. We preached three times a week in our principal chapel, dividing the labour equally. To meet the case of the great majority of our hearers, ignorant entirely of the facts as well as the doctrines of Scripture, I adopted the plan of printing beforehand several hundred copies of the text, with an outline of the sermon. The whole was contained on a single page, varying, of course, in size; and, being distributed among the hearers, helped to engage their attention, and enabled them to follow the discourse more easily. They took it away with them, for the expense was a mere trifle; and tens of thousands of those leaves got circulated far and wide, not only in Hong Kong, but in the adjacent districts of China itself. To me the practice was of great use, as an exercise in Chinese composition, and it accustomed Tsun-shen to a condensed and accurate mode of expressing his ideas on a text. At first, no doubt, my own method of treating a subject had great influence on him; but he soon surpassed his master and model. To Chalmers, Wardlaw, Parsons, Melville, Leifchild, Binney, and other foremost preachers at home, I had often listened; but I have no hesitation in saying that the Chinaman excelled them all. He was

very various, both in subject and manner, but there was always clear exposition. Now he would reason closely. Having thought out the truth or subject which was to be his theme, he would, by flashes of oratory, place it in the most striking lights. Anon he would hold his hearers hanging on his lips, while he graphically told them portions of the Scripture histories. One evening, the congregation, from a temporary cause, was larger than usual, and our little chapel was crowded, every seat occupied, and many standing in the passages. His subject was "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." Now, not one in ten of his hearers had ever so much as heard the name of Job; and he dramatised to them the trials of the patriarch with an over-mastering spell. When he came to tell of Job's sore boils, hundreds were *hitching* about, as if themselves smitten with a similar infliction. Then it seemed as if he were stooping down in the pulpit to get hold of a potsherd, and I was recalled to self-consciousness by my hand coming in contact with the tiles of the floor, as I was feeling about with the same object. When I looked around, there were scores of hands similarly occupied. Another time he was preaching from Psalm cxxxix. 14, and setting forth the marvellous construction of the human frame. As he dilated on the hand, contrasting it with the corresponding organ in one animal and another, many of the people could not restrain the expression of their delight. "Look at him! look at him!" cried one man of a group, who were standing near me. "Hear him!" responded another; "there never was anything like this!" All this eloquence was extemporaneous. Excepting the skeleton or outline of which I have spoken, the preacher had written nothing. And I do not think he ever preached merely for effect. There was not a bit of bombast or rant about his language or manner. The style was clear, plain, and correct, so that every discourse, if it could have been taken down in shorthand, and printed, would have read well. And what was to me remarkable was, that a discourse was never repeated with the same effect as on its first delivery. Then it came gushing from the fountain of the understanding and the heart; subsequently it was as if pumped up from a deep well.—*Dr. Legge.*

AUTHORSHIP IN THE ACT.—It is an exceptional *physique* that enables an author to write at his ease amid interruptions and distractions, lets and hindrances, of a domestic kind. When Cumberland was composing any work, he never shut himself up in his study, but always wrote in the room where his family sat, and did not feel in the least disturbed by the noise of his children at play beside him. The literary habits of Lord Hailes, as Mr. Robert Chambers remarks, were hardly such as would have been expected from his extreme nicety of diction: it was in no secluded sanctum, or "den," that he composed, but by the "parlour fireside," with wife and bairns within very present sight and sound. Cowper describes himself at Weston (1791) as working in a study exposed to all manner of inroads, and no way disconcerted by the coming and going of servants, or other incidental and inevitable impediments. A year or two later he writes from the same spot, "amidst a chaos of interruptions," including Hayley spouting Greek, and Mrs. Unwin talking sometimes to them, sometimes to herself. Francis Horner relates a visit he and a friend paid to Jeremy Bentham at Ford Abbey, one spacious room in which, a tapestried chamber, the utilitarian philosopher had utilised into what he called his "scribbling shop"—two or three tables being set out, covered with white napkins, on which were placed music desks with manuscripts; and here the visitors were allowed to be "present at the mysteries, for he went on as if we had not been with him." The fourth of Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses* was penned in a small pocket-book, in a strange apartment, where he was liable every moment to interruption; for it was at the manse of Balmerino, disappointed in not finding the minister at home, and having a couple of hours to spare—and in a drawing-room at the manse of Kilmeny, with all the excitement of meeting for the first time, after a year's absence, many of his former friends and parishioners—that he penned paragraph after paragraph of a composition which, as his son-in-law and biographer, Dr. Hanna, says, bears upon it so much the aspect of high and continuous elaboration. His friend and sometime associate in pastoral work, Edward Irving, on the other hand, could not write a sermon if any one was in the room with him. Chalmers appeared to have been specially endowed with that faculty of concentrated attention which is commonly regarded as one of the surest marks of the highest class of intellect, and which Alison so much admires in Wellington—as, for instance, on the day when he lay at San Christoval, in front of the French army, hourly expecting a battle, and wrote out in the field a long and minute memorial on the establishment of a bank at Lisbon on the principles of the English ones.—*Jacobs's Aspects of Authorship* (Hodder and Stoughton).

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Mass. 213
- George III and his Family.
By J. R. PLANCHE. With
Illustration 215
- The History of Labourers
and Labour in England.
By S. R. PATTISON, F.G.S.
VI. The Fight for Freedom. 219
- Dreams and Dreaming:—
VII. Nightmare—Somnam-
bulism 221
- VIII. Spectral Illusions, or
Day Dreams 223
- Lost in a Forest in Ceylon 229
- The Bakers of London. By
One of the Trade 231
- The Enraged Artist. 233



Contents

- The Working Classes
Abroad:—
III. Sweden. IV. Norway. 234
- Overdress 237
- The Royal Borough 238
- The Nuptials of the "Son
of Heaven." With Illus-
trations 246
- Model Agricultural School
in Italy. By MARY HOWITT 251
- The Missing Comet of
Biela. By EDWIN DUNKIN 261
- The Land and People of
Khiva. By HERMANN VAM-
BREY. With Map 262
- Insincerity in Speech. By
the Rev. HARRY JONES . 267
- Oscar II. The Bernadottes
of Sweden. With Portrait. 268
- Varieties . 224, 240, 256, 271

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The ANNUAL SERMONS are to be preached on Sunday morning, April the 27th, by the Rev. E. AURIOL, Prebendary of St. Paul's, in the Church of St. Dunstan's in the West, at 11 o'clock; and by the Rev. SAMUEL HEBDITCH, in the Congregational Church, Clapton Park, at a quarter to 11 o'clock.

The PUBLIC MEETING will be held on

WEDNESDAY, May the 7th, at EXETER HALL, at Half-past Six o'clock.

The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF CAVAN has kindly consented to preside,

And among the gentlemen who have promised to take part in the proceedings are the Very Rev. the DEAN OF CANTERBURY; the Rev. J. C. HARRISON, of Park Chapel, Camden Town; the Rev. A. M. W. CHRISTOPHER, Rector of St. Aldate, Oxford; CHARLES EDWARD LEWIS, Esq., M.P.; and CHARLES REED, Esq., M.P.

. Special attention is called to the change from former years in the day of the week of the Public Meeting.

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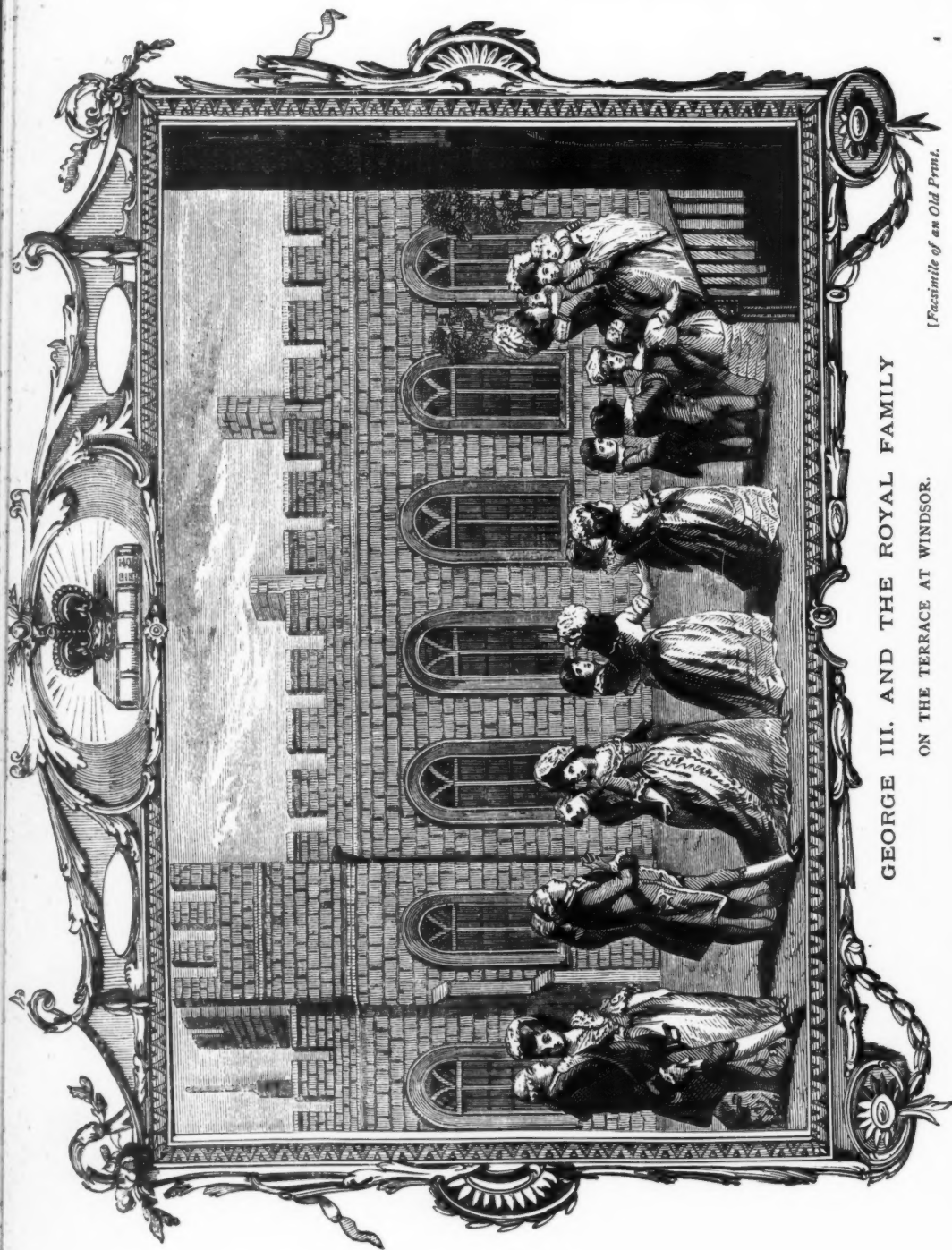
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GEORGE III. AND THE ROYAL FAMILY

ON THE TERRACE AT WINDSOR.

[Facsimile of an Old Print.]

Queen Charlotte.	Duke of York,	Duke of Clarence,	Duke of Kent,	Duke of Cumberland,	Prince Augustus,	Princess Mary,	Prince Octavius
King George.	Princess Charlotte,	Princess Augusta,	Princess Elizabeth,	Duke of Cambridge,	Princess Sophia,	Princess Sophia,	Princess Sophia
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